

ALPHA’S REGRET: HIDING MY EX-HUSBAND’S TWINS

HIDING 74

Talk

ISABELLA’S POV

The sky had turned dark, only faintly illuminated by the moonlight, when Xavier returned to the house. I stood in the kitchen, stirring the pan absentmindedly, but my mind was miles away, stuck on the cryptic letter Theodore had left behind.

His message had been brief but clear. He wants me to meet him at the Tael Valley. There was something important he needed to tell me, something that, disturbingly, he didn’t want Xavier

to know about. My thoughts tangled and churned as I tried to decipher his intentions.

What could he possibly want with me? Why the secrecy?

Theodore was Sophia’s mate, and we had no personal dealings in the past. What could he say

that he didn’t want Xavier to hear?

“What are you cooking?”

I stiffened slightly, startled by Xavier’s sudden presence behind me. His voice was low and soft, almost intimate. I could feel his gaze tracing my form, lingering, but I dared not turn to meet his eyes. Not now. I was scared he would see through my thoughts.

“It’s for dinner,” I murmured, trying to focus on the task at hand. The pan hissed as I stirred, but my movements felt stiff.

Xavier didn’t move from his spot. He just leaned lazily against the counter, watching me in silence. His presence was both comforting and unnerving. A part of me wanted to confide in him, to tell him about the letter and Theodore’s strange request.

But another part—the cautious, guarded part—held me back. What if this meeting was more dangerous than it seemed? What if it was an opportunity to find answers? I couldn’t bear to lose it if ever it was...

Before I could sink deeper into my thoughts, Xavier suddenly moved closer. His body brushed against mine as he reached past me and turned off the stove. I gasped softly at the sudden proximity, my heart pounding in my chest. His breath was warm against my skin, and the faint scent of him enveloped me, sending a shiver down my spine.

“It’s overcooked,” he noted, his tone calm yet piercing. His sharp and observant eyes, flicked

from the pan to me.

I swallowed hard, feeling the weight of his gaze. The smell of nearly burnt food brought me back to reality. And embarrassment prickled at the edges of my nerves with the realization.

1/4

50 Prints

Talk

“I wasn’t paying attention,” I admitted, clearing my throat as I tried to keep my voice steady as I took a step back. I quickly untied the apron, using the action as an excuse to put some distance between us.

“Is something wrong?” He suddenly asked. His voice was low, but there was a distinct edge to it. He had noticed my distraction. There was no point in hiding it.

I hesitated for a moment, debating whether to tell him. But something inside me, a gnawing instinct, told me to hold back. I shot him a brief glance before I shook my head.

“It’s nothing,” I lied, busying myself with checking another dish, though it was more of a distraction than anything else.

Xavier didn’t seem convinced. His gaze remained heavy on me, as though he could see through the thin veil of composure I was desperately clinging to. Then he spoke again, his words cutting through the silence with an unsettling precision.

“You’ve heard about it, haven’t you?”

I froze. My fingers that were gripping the spoon, went still. I turned to face him, trying to keep my expression neutral.

Then tilted my head in question, my face calm despite the cold feeling in my heart.

“Sophia’s pregnant.” His voice suddenly turned cold and his face went grim. There was a tightness to his jaw, a simmering anger just beneath the surface.

I swallowed, my chest tightening. Though I wasn’t surprised, hearing it from him made the reality of the situation settle heavily in the pit of my stomach.

“Yes. I know.” I replied, my voice was steady despite my racing thoughts.

Xavier’s gaze darkened as he stepped closer, closing the distance between us once more. My pulse quickened as his intense eyes locked onto mine, and for a moment, I thought I saw something deeper there—pain, maybe even regret. But his next words caught me off guard.

“It’s not mine.”

Shock rippled through me. I blinked, trying to process what he had just said. His voice had been firm, almost desperate, as if he needed me to believe him. As if he feared I might think

otherwise.

“I wasn’t thinking that.” My voice came out softer than I intended. This time, I took the courage to meet his eyes. My tone was sincere, but inside, I was reeling.

“You looked upset,” he observed, his brows knitting together.

2/4

50 Points

Talk

I sighed, realizing he had been watching me more closely than I’d thought.

“It’s not that. It’s just... Sophia’s pregnancy only makes things more complicated.” I finally admitted. “It’s another layer to this already twisted situation.”

The next moment, I felt his hands grasp my arms gently. His touch was firm but comforting, grounding me as the storm inside me raged on, while his eyes searched mine.

“I’m dealing with it,” he assured me, his voice a steady anchor in the chaos. “I won’t let her get away with what she’s done.”

His words should have brought me comfort, but they only stirred more questions. I couldn’t shake the unease gnawing at me, the feeling that something much bigger was at play here.

“Is Theodore the father?” I asked quietly.

Xavier’s expression darkened further, and he nodded. “He is.”

A bitter sigh escaped my lips. This wouldn’t be easy. No matter how vile Sophia had been, the child she carried was innocent. Yet, I couldn’t help but wonder—why had Theodore asked to

meet with me? What could he possibly have to say that would warrant such secrecy?

Does he want to beg me to pardon Sophia because she’s carrying their child?

“I’ll make sure she pays for everything she’s done,” Xavier vowed, his tone colder now, edged with the kind of resolve that left no room for compromise.

“I trust you,” I whispered, though the words felt heavy with unspoken doubts. For both of us, there were battles ahead that we couldn’t yet see.

But then, I started to make a decision. I would meet Theodore.

Whatever he had to say, I needed to hear it. Maybe he wanted to talk to me about Sophia’s pregnancy... or perhaps it was something else.

And though the possibility of it being a trap lingered, my gut told me there was more to this meeting. Theodore wouldn’t dare cross certain lines, especially the Tael Valley was still within

the pack’s territory.

His audacity to approach me directly hinted that he had something important to reveal. Something Xavier might not want me to hear, or worse—something he couldn’t hear.

But why face him alone? Part of me wanted to shield Xavier from any unnecessary burdens. He was already dealing with Sophia’s lies, the implications of her pregnancy, and the challenges of being Alpha. Bringing him into this secret meeting could complicate matters, especially if Theodore’s revelations were as tangled and dangerous as I feared.

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Talk

+50 Print

I didn’t want to weigh Xavier down with even more secrets or force him into a situation where his judgment might be clouded by his history with Sophia and Theodore.

And, honestly, I wasn’t a damsel in distress. This was my fight, too. Sophia’s actions had deeply affected both Xavier and me, and I had every right to confront those involved in this web of deceit. Meeting Theodore alone would give me the chance to gather information. I needed to confront him directly and see his true motives.

If it was a trap, I was ready to face it.